(That angel of the world[9],) doth make distinction Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe, Yet bury him as a prince,
*GUI.* Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax, When neither are alive.
*ARV.* If you'll go fetch him.
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

\|*Rxit BEL^RIUS.*

*GUI.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east; My father hath a reason for't.
*ARV.* Tis true.
*GUI.* Come on then, and remove him.
*A&r.* So,— Begin.

## SONG.

*GUI. Fear no more the heat o> the sun*, Nor the furious winter's rages;*
*Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and taen thy wages :*
*Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*ARV. Fear no more the frown o the great, Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;*
*Care no more to clothe, and eat ; To thee the reed is as the oak:*

**9 ,----------REVERENCE,**

(That angel of the world,)—] *Reverence,* or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order In the world. JOHNSON.

[1] *Fear no more,* &c.] This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Tf»vov &c. WARBURTON.